all of me wants all of you

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by ghcsthouse

Summary

Something strange has been going on with Langdon since he's been back from rehab. Since coming back almost a month ago, he has *not* been able to keep his eyes off of Robby.

So, when Abbot comes in one day, showing off a blurry snapshot of a photo he'd taken of Robby in the nineties, Langdon feels this problematic twist in his stomach and knows he needs to play this very carefully, or he'll never hear the end of it.

Notes

this was supposed to be under 1k... clearly that didn't happen.... also sorry for only calling him langdon i just can't bring myself to write the name fr*nk

as always, thank you to the LOML, vya @centuryofverse for being my lovely beta reader and also my in-house male attraction advisor who helped me -- a lesbian -- describe what it is like to be attracted to a man. i could not have written this without you, sorry for infecting you with the pitt brainrot (not really)

See the end of the work for more notes

Something strange has been going on with Langdon since coming back from rehab.

He's mostly fallen back into the fast-paced, moment-to-moment rhythm of the ED, fueled by the raw energy produced by his ADHD and the Red Bull's that Dana will quietly slide him every few hours.

He's got a handle on his patients, his sobriety — even if having to ask Robby to sign off on his med orders and repeating R4 isn't exactly where he saw himself.

It's just the one thing stopping him from being back fully. Since coming back almost a month ago, he has *not* been able to keep his eyes off of Robby.

(Truthfully, this isn't really a new issue, but *at least* he used to be able to turn it off when it mattered most. He thinks, vaguely, about apologizing to Abby, but doesn't want to rock the boat more than he already has.)

The benzos must have been blurring things, Langdon thinks, because he's started to notice things he'd never noticed before: the way Robby's shoulders flex beneath his scrubs; how he's always finding some way to get his hands on Langdon when they're on a case together; how *strong* his forearms are.

He'll watch him move to make an incision for a trach *(a fucking trach! The least sexy thing in the world!)* and feel this *heat* pulsing underneath his skin.

Even seeing him do something as simple as literal chest compressions triggers that familiar pull below Langdon's belly button. It can be a high-stress situation, where Robby will be delegating tasks to the rest of them, so it's *imperative* that he listens, but he'll find himself lost in the veins of his arms and the strength of his hands — the *power* of them. (He can't help but imagine how they'd feel at his hips, on his throat, pressed against his tongue.)

It's excruciating at this point, and has to be the worst type of attraction he's experienced — like, worse than whatever that weird thing with his roommate in undergrad was — because he has no choice but to sit in this 24/7.

He goes to work, and Robby's there, whispering in his ear and guiding him through complicated procedures.

He goes back to his shitty newly-divorced dad apartment, and nine times out of ten Robby will show up at his door — less than an hour later — with takeout and a six-pack of the shitty, non-alcoholic beer he insists on Langdon trying.

There's no escape from this hot, heady arousal that's suddenly clouded his mind. No outlet for it. He's been taking cold showers for weeks and watching so much *Grey's Anatomy* — since he has fuck else to do now that he only has the kids once every other weekend — that he's started having these fantasies of Robby pulling him into the call room and going wild. (It's insanely unrealistic, he knows, but a guy can dream.)

But the worst part of this whole thing is that everyone — like, *everyone,* even *Myrna* — at work seems to know about it.

He had tried to be discreet, really. He even *thought* he was being discreet, but Dana's been giving him this motherly, you-can't-hide-from-me look every time she spots the two of them together, and has been saying ominous shit to him like *"You never know!"* for the last two weeks.

She trades these knowing glances with Collins, too, who very clearly keeps trying to ask him about it without *actually* asking him about it.

He'd even overheard Santos, Javadi, and Samira saying something like, *"He wants that cookie so effing bad"* — which, he doesn't even want to know. (*It's like everyone went insane while he was gone. Who are these people and what have they done with his coworkers?)*

So, when Abbot comes in one day, showing off a blurry snapshot of a photo he'd taken of Robby in the nineties, Langdon feels this problematic twist in his stomach and knows he needs to play this *very* carefully, or he'll never hear the end of it.

He's sitting at his desk — next to Dana's — and talking over patient records with Mel when Abbot saddles up to the counter and slides his phone toward Dana.

"If he finds out I've been going around showing this to everyone, I'm going to be in *a lot* of trouble, so keep it quiet."

"Come on," Dana fumbles with her readers and picks up the phone, examining the picture. Mel weaves behind him to go look.

"Wow," Mel says. "He was so young-looking. Did he do med school

early?"

"He was a good-looking kid, Jack, he's got nothing to be upset about." Dana decides, dropping her glasses next to her keyboard.

"You know him," Abbot says, making eye contact with each of them like he's hoping they'll agree. "He'll get all *Robby* about it."

They talk about nothing for a few more minutes, but Langdon is *not* listening. He couldn't even if he wanted to, because his heart is pounding in his ears so loud he feels like he's at Coachella. *(This is insane! He has* never *been like this before. He has got to get laid, like, ASAP.)*

He can barely see the photo from where he's sitting, but he makes out the vague shape of Robby, showing off what was probably his first white coat. Langdon feels like he must have memorized the shape of him by now, after holding him so closely in his mind for so long, but still finds himself aching to trace over every line.

Dana flicks her eyes down to Langdon, the corners of her mouth twitching upward in a way he would only describe as *mischievous.*

Wordlessly, she hands him the phone and winks.

He was right about the picture. It's Robby, not much younger than Langdon is now, showing the newly embroidered *Michael Robinavitch, M.D.* on his jacket to the camera.

It's a photo of a photo taken on one of those old disposable cameras, so the quality isn't great, but he still makes out the sharp lines of his face, the upturn of his pull of his brows, the shy, almost *hesitant* smile on his face. He's clean-shaven, too, which Langdon was *not* expecting to like so much. (*He could recognize Robby anywhere. In any time, any place. Any life.)*

This, he thinks, is going to be bad.

There's this hot heaviness, curling up at the back of his neck and prickling his skin. His eyes roll over the mess of hair, the downward curve of his nose, the way his hands grip the fabric. He still has that look in his eye that makes Langdon's stomach twist.

He zooms in on the photo, ghosting his finger over the curve of his brow bone. Robby looks tired in the way only an intern can, but there's a lightness about him, too. Like the weight of all that guilt he

carries hadn't fallen on his shoulders yet.

Langdon wonders, briefly, how things might be if they'd met these versions of each other. Robby, free from the suffocation of his grief. Langdon, eleven months sober and back to life.

Maybe things would be different. Maybe they wouldn't.

Langdon clenches the phone, pinching the screen to zoom back out. *(This is unreal. Un-fucking-real. How is he supposed to move on with his day after seeing this?)*

"What's wrong, kid?" Dana says, grinning down at him and taking the phone. "Can't think of something funny to say?"

"No, I just— I don't…" Langdon breathes, stunned and suddenly hyperconscious of the way his scrub pants are bunching. He's *definitely* going to need to take a secret trip to the bathroom after this. "I think this is the only time I've ever seen him in a white coat."

He hands the phone back to Dana, who gives it back to Abbot and sends him on his way.

Mel gives him a small, commiserate smile that makes him feel slightly — *slightly* — less humiliated about the whole thing.

"Well, they can be impractical for an emergency medicine physician," She says, then looks pointedly at him. "Are you okay? You look… *feverish*."

He's already feeling incredibly vulnerable at this moment, but it's just Dana and Mel, so he doubles down: "He looks like the hot doctor from *ER*."

He slams his head down against his desk, bashing his forehead against the keyboard. (Apparently, he's just diagnosed his 29-year-old seizure patient with an acute case of *gfhtcby*. He should probably let her know.)

"There it is," Dana laughs, giving him a quick, gentle pat on the back.

Langdon groans, louder than he naturally would, in hopes that it truly further emphasizes how *terrible* all of this is.

"It's okay," Mel says, walking back over and mimicking Dana's pat — in a *way* more sympathetic way, may he add. Then, she leans in and

whispers, like it's a secret: "I loved that show."

"Yeah, me too," Langdon grumbles, picking his head back up. "Dr. Carter was a pretty… *significant* fixture of my sexual development."

He's still buzzing with the electricity of seeing that photo. He's all exposed wiring and frayed nerves. This is so unprofessional, he thinks. There are literally critically injured patients *inches* away from him, and all he can think about is *Robby, Robby, Robby.*

Robby, in his bed. Robby, with that half-amused, half-petulant expression as he sighs out a string of curses and calls him *mine.*

You're killing me, says the Robby that lives in his head, the one who always has a strong hand on Langdon's hip, the small of his back.

I need you so bad, says the fake-Robby, who pulls his hair and keeps the voice real-Robby only has during the early hours of their morning shifts.

I need you here, says Robby, beard scratching against Langdon's thighs. *There,* says Robby, his strong hands grabbing at Langdon's deltoids, his biceps, his forearms, telling him that he's *smart* and *so, so good* and that he's *so proud, baby.*

In Langdon's more desperate, frenzied moments, he can almost feel the prick of his beard against the shell of his ear: *it was always going to be you.*

"Well, you clearly have a type," Mel jokes, snapping him back to reality and twisting the knife in a way she is completely unaware of.

"Oh, trust me," Langdon sighs. He pushes his hands against the desk and stands, slowly, so as not to strain his back. Subtly, he readjusts his scrub pants and starts toward the bathroom. "I know."

Not twenty minutes later, he's coming out of the bathroom when Robby grabs him by the shoulders and starts steering him toward Trauma 1.

"Need you on this one," Robby whispers — which, by the way, *holy shit.* He gives Langdon's shoulders a quick squeeze before rushing to

put on his PPE. It fills him with this sense of urgency, metaphorically lighting a fire under him.

“What do we got, boss?” Langdon asks, putting on his own PPE and looking to Robby. (He’s always looking to Robby, he thinks. For everything. Always.)

“Surgery is all backed up, and Mr. Mitchell here has some fluid in his lungs and his O2 is dropping a lot faster than I’d like,” He says, his arms crossed over his chest. *Don’t stare. Don’t stare. Don’t stare.* “So?”

Langdon notes the way Robby shifts back and forth on his feet. He reads it for what it is: the situation is very touch and go. Robby needs him at his best, and he is definitely *not* at his best right now.

Still, his brain kicks into high gear. Definitely too late for diuretics, and it looks like his supplemental oxygen is already at 100 with no improvement. He’s going to have to cut. Just his fucking luck.

“Thoracostomy,” Langdon says, definitively. (Secretly, he hopes he’s wrong. He knows he isn’t, but he fucking *hates* chest tubes. Plus, the benzos left him with this low-grade tremor he hasn’t quite been able to shake.)

“Bingo,” Robby says, stretching out his arms and taking his hoodie off like he *wants* Langdon to fuck up this procedure. “Mateo, can you set up for Dr. Langdon to insert a chest tube?”

“Already on it.” Mateo nods, his eyes flicking back and forth between Langdon and Robby. He gives him this bro-ey downturned smile and quick raise of the eyebrows.

Things move fast from there.

Before he knows it, the patient's vitals are dropping, and there’s no time to think about how he hasn’t done one of these in almost a year, because this guy needed a chest tube put in, like, *yesterday*.

He picks up the scalpel and takes a deep breath, desperately trying to steady himself.

The photo of Robby is still pressed against his eyelids. He sees pieces of young-Robby in the current one that stands in front of him. The broadness in his shoulders. The kindness in his eyes, still there after all these years, despite everything.

He never got to see a young 'Dr. Robinavitch' in action — which is maybe for the better, to preserve what little fucking dignity he has left — but he wonders if he was this confident. If the tension in his brow and the stillness in his hand were there before, if he would mutter "okay" and "easy, *easy* " to his nurses or residents back then. Either way, this is torturous. He's so present and he can *feel* the warmth of Robby's chest, his arms, his hands, and it makes him want to—

Shit. Okay. Knock it the fuck off. This is literally life or death.

Then, as if he can smell it on him, Robby rushes up next to Langdon, standing so close that he can feel the rise and fall of Robby's shoulders. He tries not to focus on it, but fails miserably.

"Go ahead," Robby nods toward the prepped area, keeping his eyes fixed on Langdon's. "You got this."

"Course I do," Langdon says, hoping it comes off as something bordering on confidence, and as not the affirmation it really is.

The room feels hot. Like, abnormally hot. The air practically pulses around him and makes it hard to catch his breath.

He raises his hand shakily towards Mr. Mitchell's chest, holding the scalpel a few inches away from the skin and focusing solely on steadying his hand and clearing his mind.

"You're shaking," Robby whispers, looking hard at Langdon and furrowing his brow. It's supposed to be tough, almost accusatory, but all it does is make him weak in the knees. (Jesus Christ, he has *got* to do something about this. Go to a bar and find someone who could pass for Robby in the dark. Just to get it out of his system.)

"I don't know what's—" Langdon starts, only to be interrupted by the sudden, rapid beeping of the monitors.

"O2 is getting real low," Mateo calls out, voice wavering.

"Here," Robby says, reaching out and grabbing Langdon's wrist. His grip is tight, almost unrelenting, which he silently takes note of. He holds Langdon's wrist tightly enough to fully steady it and guides his hand to create the incision. "That's it, doing good."

The praise makes him lightheaded and pulls at something deep inside his stomach. Robby takes his hand away, and Langdon lets the scalpel fall to the tray next to him, grabbing the chest tube.

He steadies one hand above the patient's ribs and positions the tube at the incision. He can do this. Despite the cloud of lust around his brain, he's still a good fucking doctor.

But then, wordlessly, Robby puts a hand on his lower back toward his hip, splaying his fingers out and pressing the pads of them down. It gives Langdon something to tether to, something real and tangible to focus on.

He starts to push the chest tube in, but gets stuck on a rib. This is bad. This is *very* bad. Mr. Mitchell's vitals are only continuing to drop, and it's only a matter of time before he arrests, and this whole thing is pointless.

And the worst part, arguably, is that it will all be his fault. He's supposed to be *back.* He hears Robby's voice in his head: *you let me down!* and stiffens. He can't let him down again. He won't.

"Tubes stuck," Langdon breathes, unconsciously pushing back against Robby's hand. *Help me. Guide me. Show me.* "Can't get it past the rib."

"Yes, you can," Robby whispers, leaning over and putting his free hand over Langdon's, fully covering it. "I wouldn't have brought you in if I didn't know you could do it. Follow my lead."

Part of him lights up at that. His breath is coming out in these shallow, unsubstantial puffs, and his heart hammers loudly against his chest. He can feel Robby's breath against his ear, and it's dizzying.

He guides Langdon's hand, using brute strength to shove the tube past the rib and into the pleural space. Robby lets out this breathy laugh that makes Langdon wonder what other sounds he might be able to pull out of him.

"There we go, *that's my guy,*" Robby drawls, and if he doesn't *shut the fuck up right the fuck now* Langdon is probably going to have to make up some excuse to slip out early.

The beeping on the monitors starts to slow down, and he hears Mateo shouting something about *vitals coming back up* and *O2's looking good.* Robby backs away, dropping his hands and crossing the room to look at the monitor close up.

(The abrupt loss of touch is jarring. He feels like a plant, suddenly ripped from the ground and thrown to the wayside.)

They go through the motions of finishing the procedure and shedding their PPE.

As he's stuffing his in the bin, Mateo comes up behind him to throw his gloves away and whispers: *"Nice one."*

Langdon looks at him, kind of dumbfounded, and kind of embarrassed, and mumbles back: "Yeah. Yep. Thanks."

He starts toward the door, desperate to get as far away from this room as possible so he can catch his breath. But then there's Robby, and he's slamming his hand on the doorway in front of Langdon and blocking the exit.

"Good job back there," Robby says, smiling down at him. He holds his fists out for Langdon to bump, the same way he used to before everything. "That's why you're still my best resident."

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

He walks through the rest of the day like a ghost. Little is working to curb his increasingly intrusive thoughts and the constant buzz under his skin.

He tries to avoid Robby as best he can, ducking in and out of storage closets and making himself look busier than he is, but Robby has this magnetism about him that makes it hard to stay away.

Earlier, a patient had coded, and naturally, Langdon had started running, but stopped dead in his tracks as he watched Robby rip the stylet out of an intubation tube in another room.

In the rush of it all, Robby caught his eye while handing off the scope, and fucking *winked.* Langdon had stumbled away, dumbfounded and practically useless, to the room with the code and got kicked out by Garcia not three minutes later.

Then, about an hour ago, he had been passing by a patient's room when he'd overheard Robby, voice low, speaking quietly to the old woman in the bed. Langdon had stopped and watched from across the hall, which seems to be all he's capable of doing lately.

“I promise you, Mrs. Levitt, we are not going to let anything happen to you,” He’d said, using that soft, sweet voice that makes Langdon want to jump out of his skin.

“Pray with me,” the woman — Mrs. Levitt — had asked, holding out her hand for Robby to take.

He watched Robby straighten in his seat, shoulders suddenly curled up by his jaw, and take her hand, hesitantly. (He’s been getting better at letting himself feel lately, both the good and bad, Langdon’s noticed. It looks good on him. Makes him lighter on his feet.)

“Hashkiveinu,” Mrs. Levitt says, and Robby seems to smile at that. Langdon makes a mental note to look that word up when he gets home, or ask Robby about it if he makes it through the rest of his shift without dying of embarrassment. “Just to be sure.”

“Okay,” Robby sighs, and then, in a whisper: “Just to be sure.”

Langdon had stared, absolutely enthralled (and, honestly, a little turned on) as he watched Robby pray over this woman, words Langdon couldn’t understand falling from his lips.

As cheesy as it sounds, it’s not just his arms or his stupidly attractive sad eyes that draw Langdon to Robby.

It’s how his heart bleeds on his sleeve. How he’s the only one to call Langdon on his shit. How he prays with patients, despite his own struggle with religion. How reliable he is. His *intelligence.*

He had been pulled away by Princess and Collins moments later, something about an MVC with three patients two minutes out.

Now, it’s toward the end of the day, and he’s leaning on Dana’s desk, staring up at the board, when Robby comes up next to him. The ED is surprisingly empty tonight, just a handful of stable patients and a few stragglers from day shift left as night shift trickles in.

“Hey, there he is,” Robby rasps, matching the way Langdon leans on the desk. (He thinks, vaguely, about mirrors.) “Feel like I’ve barely seen you today.”

He nudges his shoulder against Langdon’s, pressing their arms together. It lights him up like a fucking Christmas tree. He flicks his eyes over toward Robby, who’s looking at him over the top of his glasses. (Which is *way* hotter than it has any right to be.)

“Oh, uh,” He tries, clearing his throat and searching for an explanation that isn’t the full truth. He doesn’t exactly think ‘*I’ve been avoiding you because you’re so hot I literally can’t focus’* will go down well. “Yeah. Lots of patients to treat, you know?”

Robby presses his lips into a tight line and nods. Langdon thanks every religious entity he can think of that Robby chooses to let him get away with this one.

He scrunches his face up then, and says: “You didn’t happen to see Jack before he left this morning, did you?”

Langdon stills. “Why? What have you heard?”

If the shit he’d said to Mel and Dana earlier, when his common sense was clouded by some animalistic instinct inside him, had gotten back to Robby, he’s *fucked.*

He’s his *boss.* His mentor. It would be totally inappropriate. Gloria had been decidedly less than pleased when Robby and Collins had been together, and she definitely won’t let him get away with it again. Especially with the whole benzo thing added on.

(Plus, Robby isn’t, like, he’s not… he’s always dated women. Well, wait, has he? Either way, it doesn’t matter.)

“Word is,” Robby sighs. “He’s been terrorizing the staff with a bad picture of me from the nineties.”

Langdon relaxes then, because Abbot was right. This is just him getting all *Robby about it.* But, in Robby’s defense, this is kind of his nightmare.

He puts on a light, teasing tone and crawls under Robby’s skin, because he knows he can. “Oh, right, that. I’d never seen you in a white coat before.”

“Fucking—” Robby groans, voice low. Langdon’s gut shifts. This is really *not* the time. He feels like slamming his head against the wall.

“No, okay, hey,” Langdon backtracks, searching for any words that will dampen how clearly embarrassing this seems to be for Robby. He turns his head to the side and relishes in the closeness, his hand twitching where it lies next to Robby’s. “It really wasn’t bad. Seriously, I’m sure it could’ve been worse.”

(Okay. Not great. But, at least he tried.)

Robby sucks a breath through his teeth, scrubbing a hand over his face. “Can’t imagine worse with *that* haircut.” He shakes his head, trying to joke. It doesn’t exactly land, but Langdon smiles at him anyway.

Then, without thinking, Langdon says: “I liked your hair.”

There’s a pause. The air between them suddenly turns hot, thick, and heavy. Charged, almost.

Robby turns toward him, one eyebrow quirked slightly upward, and welcomes himself into Langdon’s space, crowding him like he always does. (Although, he supposes he does the same thing.)

Their heads are tucked down and facing toward each other. He watches something shift in Robby’s eyes — like he’s made a decision — as they dart, almost frantically, across him and settle somewhere near his throat.

“You *liked* it?” The corners of his mouth twitch upward tentatively, and there's this shift in his voice that, if Langdon didn’t know any better, he’d almost call *flirtatious.*

Fuck it. He isn’t sure if it’s the adrenaline suddenly rushing through his veins, but he sees no other option but to double down. Consequences be damned.

“Yeah,” He whispers, heart beating loudly in his ears for what feels like the tenth time today. “I did.”

Robby fully smiles at that, slowly dragging his eyes up Langdon’s neck, jaw, and nose, and making eye contact. His lips are pulled against his canines, and it takes everything Langdon has in him not to push forward and trace the point of them with his tongue.

“Did you, uh,” Robby’s throat clicks, and there’s a tinge of red at the tip of his ears that gives away this whole confidence thing he’s trying out. “Did you see anything else… that you liked?”

Oh.

That kind of takes him by surprise, because despite Langdon’s own blatant disregard for them, and Robby’s own willingness to break them sometimes, Robby had always been *very clear* with him about

professional boundaries, and workplace ethics, and *blah, blah, blah.*

But here, now, in the nearly empty ED, he's watching Robby take those words, bundle them up, and throw them out the window. Briefly, he wonders what changed. But really, it doesn't matter, because as always, he is more than eager to follow Robby's lead.

"Wouldn't you like to know," Langdon teases, a smile catching on the corners of his teeth. His eyes catch on a bead of sweat as it moves down Robby's throat.

He feels himself go red, so he supposes they're even when it comes to giving themselves away.

"You know," Robby whispers, leaning in impossibly closer and adding this hint of gravel to his voice. If anyone were to walk past right now, they would have a hard time explaining this away. "Based on the way you look at me, I *think* I already do."

Well. Okay. That's. Yep.

Robby ghosts his pinkie against Langdon's, then drags his finger across cracked knuckles. He traces the empty space where Langdon's wedding ring used to be with the tip of his finger. It's probably supposed to mean something, he thinks. Be some sort of symbolic gesture that he's too distracted to realize the meaning of.

"Can I come over tonight?" Robby asks. "I'll bring your favorite. Barbacoa bowl, extra guac?"

Langdon's breath comes back to him at once. "Yeah, yes, of course," He straightens out and clears his throat, trying to regain some composure. "It's my turn to pick the movie."

"Oh, I know," Robby lets out this loud, exaggerated sigh and pushes away from the desk, taking the warm cover of his hand with him. "In all honesty, I'm not sure how many superhero movies I can do."

"Oh, come on, *The Winter Soldier* is objectively the best one," Langdon turns on his heels, desperate not to let Robby out of his sight.

"I thought *Iron Man 3* was *'objectively the best one,'*" Robby breathes, wringing his hand down the back of his neck and scrunching up his face.

"Well, yeah, it is," Langdon smiles. He takes a quick step forward,

taking up all of Robby's space and staring at him through his lashes. "Or, just a thought, we could…" Keeping his eyes trained on Robby's, he takes the hem of his scrub top between two fingers and fiddles with the material and relishes in the way Robby's breath catches. *"Not…* watch a movie? Give you the night off?"

"Yeah, okay," Robby squints at him, this vaguely stunned smile on his face. He takes a step back and starts toward the locker room. "I'll be by yours in an hour," he calls out. "Don't miss me too much."

In a move that is intensely out of character for him, he stays silent.

Stunned and slightly lightheaded, he turns around to find that Dana has since returned to her desk. She grabs her reading glasses, drops them in her purse, and then, with this shiteating, motherly grin on her face, says: *"Attaboy."*

End Notes

graduated with my associate's in child & adolescent development today and this is what i decided to do when i got home.. that's real dedication ❤

also, for my non-jewish readers, hashkiveinu is the jewish prayer for protection during sleep.

if you liked this, feel free to follow me on tumblr at ghcsthouse and send me some prompts if u wish !!

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